CLOSE 'OLE MISS': *Editorial*

THE NATION

OCTOBER 6, 1962 . . 25c

Latin America

Eyewitness in Argentina:

THE PERONISTA PARALYSIS

Irving L. Horowitz

Military-Aid Program:

EXPORTING TROUBLE

Senator Ernest Gruening

Sit-Ins and Marches:

A MERGER of MOVEMENTS

Carleton Mabee

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LETTERS

Cuba-Turkey Formula

Dear Sirs: "Cuba Today: An Eyewitness Report" in your Sept. 22 issue is excellent and is must reading for every Congressman. I hope it is called to the attention of the President.

New York City — OTTO NATHAN

Dear Sirs: Re Samuel Shapiro's illuminating article on Cuba [*The Nation*, Sept. 22]: The dangers of the Cuban situation are apparent to all but those who view peace as a threat. The only embargo we need is one designed to stop the War Hawks before they sail us over the edge of their pancake world.

But the opportunities for creative action seem to have been missed. For a people who pride themselves on their virility, courage and pragmatism, Americans are strikingly prone to give up any and every time the Russians make an effective — or even dramatic — move. This has the obvious effect of increasing whatever dangers are actually raised by the Soviet action. It seems useful, therefore, to point out ways of turning the crisis into an opportunity to strengthen peace.

The first is designed to by-pass the log jam which blocks the U.S. Government. President Kennedy has clearly learned something from the fiasco of 1961, but his freedom of maneuver is severely restricted at the moment. The memories of the invasion, the policy of non-recognition and the pressure from the War Hawks combine to make him a prisoner unable to exploit his relative restraint.

Hence a small, carefully selected group of upper class, elite American leaders outside the government — and ideally composed of Republicans and non-Kennedy Democrats — should immediately establish reliable and direct communication with Fidel Castro. They should then proceed to explore the possibilities and the extent of a rapprochement. While the beginnings should, and will of necessity, be small, the operation should point toward the restoration of formal diplomatic relations and the development of a program of aid and assistance that will offer clear evidence that Americans are willing and able to help Cuba in collaborative-competitive action alongside the Russians. [In an editorial entitled "So the People May Know," which appeared on May 13, 1961, we suggested just such a committee and offered a list of suitable candidates for membership. — ED.]

The second opportunity is more dramatic, and offers the possibility of a major breakthrough in preventing nuclear war and in establishing a routine and a method of disarmament. . . .

The United States should propose to disarm and neutralize Turkey and Cuba in coordinated, phased, parallel actions constantly open to supervision and investigation by Russia, the United States and a committee of neutrals selected by Secretary General U Thant. After the removal of all American military installations and programs from Turkey, and of Soviet operations in Cuba, the two superpowers should proceed to initiate collaborative-competitive programs of assistance and development in Turkey and Cuba.

Here is a way to begin disarmament and inspection, and a way to shift the grounds of action to nonmilitary competition, that offers great gains for all parties involved. But time is of the essence, and the men who *can* act must do so immediately.

WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

Madison, Wis. — U. of Wisconsin

Easy Solution

Dear Sirs: I refer to all the many negotiations and declarations in regard to the necessity of the U.S. Government to find ways and means to balance its budget. The trade deficit is, for instance, to be balanced by Western nations buying more U.S.-made weapons, etc. Secretary of Defense McNamara is doing all in his power to curtail dollar-spending by U.S. servicemen overseas. Still, the layman is puzzled why there is so much talk on all this as, evidently, there is an easy solution: simply cut military spending to a certain extent.

Hamburg, Germany — HORST RITT

Malthus Up to Date

Dear Sirs: According to Malthus, population increases geometrically (2^2, 2^3, 2^4, etc.), while food production increases arithmetically (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, etc.). It seems that we of the modern era are conforming to a new "law" in the nature of things: "the law of increasing destructivity." Our ability to destroy has increased as a geometric progression; meanwhile our progress toward peace has been as an arithmetic progression, failing to involve a significant percentage of the world's Gross National Product, or of its foremost thinkers. . . .

The pessimism engendered by Malthus' law has been alleviated by the agricultural revolution. Only a "peace" revolution can offset the pessimism elicited by the "law of increasing destructivity."

Newtonville, Mass. — J. R. FEAGIN

CORRECTION

In "The Ultras" (**The Nation**, June 30, 1962), the Paper Mate Company, through its founder, Patrick Frawley, was mistakenly linked to the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade and similar organizations. The fact is that Mr. Frawley severed all connection with the Paper Mate Company in 1955, and we have been informed that the company does not contribute to the activities of any political organization. — **Editors.**

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1962
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Close 'Ole Miss'

As this issue goes to press it is uncertain just what tactics Attorney General Robert Kennedy will adopt to resolve the crisis at Oxford. At the moment, he is obviously bent on demonstrating to the entire nation that responsibility for the use of federal troops, if they are finally called in, rests squarely on the Governor and the Mississippians. The best way to use troops effectively—that is, to avoid bloodshed and violence (Meredith's own safety is a factor), and at the same time to secure compliance with the court order—would be to close the university. Such an action would place the onus exactly where it belongs, on the State of Mississippi. If the university is closed, pressures will mount rapidly within the state to open it—not necessarily because the people of the state are interested in the education of their youth (their actions belie any such interest), but because, for one thing, the football season is just opening. Moreover, the students are interested, if not in improving their minds and acquiring a modern, civilized view of the world, then at least in furthering their own careers.

Since "interposition" seems to be the Governor's tactic, let it be used in reverse; let federal troops or U. S. Marshals be "interposed" between the Mississippians and the university. Actually, those responsible for the university—trustees, administrators, faculty, alumni and students—have in effect permitted it to be turned over to the Governor and his bodyguards, henchmen, state troops, bloodhounds, et al. In the end, federal troops will probably be needed if control of the university is to be returned to those responsible for it.

It would be no great loss if Ole Miss were closed for a time. Patently it has failed as an educational institution. Judging from the attitude of the students, it has not taught any biology or science for generations; nor has it succeeded in teaching constitutional law, history or modern politics. Negro youngsters, for generations, have been deprived of a chance to secure an education in Mississippi; it will do no harm if white youngsters are momentarily deprived—especially as the education they have been getting is poor.

There are, of course, some moderates in Mississippi, but they have been silenced. Not a whisper of opposition is heard even from those with the greatest stake in the outcome of the present crisis—that is, the faculty and students at the university. The sensible elements in the state include a sizable group of businessmen. And, appearances to the contrary, opposition to desegregation is weakening throughout the South. But some device must be found by which these sub-surface pressures can be brought to a public boil. Closing the university would have precisely this effect, and it would also deprive the Governor of his grandstand martyrdom. The Governor is no Faubus; he is a man of convictions, even if they are ignorant convictions. But behind him are elements, including his legal adviser, John Satterfield, outgoing president of the American Bar Association, who feel that incarceration of the Governor will produce "a wave of revulsion" that might result in some gains for the Dixiecrat-Republican reactionaries and deal a crippling blow to the Kennedys. By "interposing" federal authority between the Governor, who is a usurper and trespasser, and the university, the need for making a "martyr" out of Barnett would be avoided.

If Barnett is not Faubus, Mississippi is not Arkansas. Fear dominates Mississippi; there is no chance, at the moment, for the "decent elements" to make themselves heard. But sooner or later, these elements must speak out; harsh circumstances, if not their consciences, will compel it. But the Administration might speed the process by making these elements face up to an issue that they have been avoiding these many years, namely, their barbarous treatment—barbarous precisely because of its brutal indifference, its contemptuous overtones, its snide derogation of the Negro's humanity—of the Negroes of their state. The people of Mississippi are responsible for the disgraceful scenes at Oxford; they elected Barnett, and they knew who he was when they voted him into office. By not speaking out against him, they themselves are not merely in contempt of the federal court; they are in contempt of the Constitution—in a word, they are seditious. Let them now be forced to face up to the consequences of their own folly.

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Belting One Down for the Road

Writing from Jackson, Miss., in the *Washington Post*, Robert E. Baker points out that clear heads and sober thoughts are needed in that state now more than at any time in the past century, but, "instead of sobering up, white Mississippi seems to be belting down one more for the road." The coming crash will be the responsibility of all the whites, beginning with the politicians and the press. When Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy criticized the automatic stays issued by Federal Circuit Court Ben F. Cameron of Meridian, State Attorney General Joe Patterson likened Kennedy to "a jackass looking up into the sky and braying at a great American eagle as it soars above." Such verbal cartoon-stripping is in the normal tradition of American politics, but the Mississippi press goes on to incite to violence. Baker cites Charles M. Hill, a columnist for the Jackson *Clarion Ledger*, who recalled an 1857 Mississippi law that provided for cutting off the ears of Negroes found guilty of perjury in felony cases. "We cannot find it in us to condone such severe punishment," wrote Hill, "but will hasten to observe that our forefathers erred in that they lopped off the wrong appendage. Had they concentrated on the tongue, we might not have the vociferous NAACP today."

Economic pressure backs up hard words. Percy Greene, the Negro publisher of the Jackson *Advocate*, has been called an "Uncle Tom" by Negroes who considered his stand on the race problem too conservative. When Greene became more aggressive and called on the University of Mississippi to admit Meredith, the paper's white advertisers canceled their ads. Last month, nine Jackon Negroes took their lives in their hands and petitioned the school board to desegregate the school system. The Jackson *Daily News* published not only their names and addresses, but the names and addresses of their employers as well. The Negroes were accused by the newspaper of plotting to "destroy Jackson's school system or bring hate and publicized horror to Jackson."

There are, of course, editors and reporters in Mississippi who are a credit to their profession but, by and large, the press, confronted with a unique opportunity to exhibit the prime editorial virtues of courage, good sense and leadership, has turned in an ignoble performance.

A Burst of Sanity

As long as a diplomat works for his government — or even for the United Nations — both his hands and his tongue are tied. When he resigns or is retired, the world often gets an insight into what has been going on behind the arras. The revelations of Conor Cruise O'Brien in the Congo are a case in point. Now comes Geoffrey McDermott in the London *Observer* (September 23) with an account of the West Berlin madhouse and a proposal for bringing some sense into the situation. McDermott was British Minister in Berlin from June, 1961, to September of this year, when he was retired by the Foreign Office as the result of "a disagreement over foreign policy."

His contention is that it is the *West* that needs a new setup in Berlin, that the Allied Kommandatura (he calls the term a "German-Russian bastard") is an organization less and less fitted to cope with the problems of the city. The three Commandants are at the bottom of a tier of command levels which includes the Allied ambassadors in Bonn, their governments at home, a four-power ambassadorial group (including the West Germans) in Washington, and still other bodies. From the West German standpoint the setup is ideal: it affords every opportunity for Bonn to embroil its Allies with the Russians over issues big and little, and events of the last few years have shown how well Adenauer has exploited these opportunities.

The most significant part of McDermott's analysis, however, is what he proposes to do about the German problem. In barest outline, he would have the Western Powers and the Soviets agree that their common, long-term aim is the reunification of Germany. The present German frontiers would be recognized as definitive. The German Democratic Republic would be recognized as a separate state (which it is and no one gives it more *de facto* recognition than the West Germans themselves). Berlin or, failing that, West Berlin, would be recognized as a separate state. The new state would make agreements with any powers it chooses — except the two Germanys — to station troops in reasonable numbers on its soil. The Four Powers would agree on guarantees for access of their military and civilian representatives to Berlin. Important agencies of the United Nations would be moved to Berlin. All three German states (including West Berlin) would become members of the UN and all would adhere to these agreements.

McDermott concludes: "Berlin is worth a visit, as the Berliners say; it might be worth a battle; it is not worth a war." Especially as then there would be nothing left of it.

Two-Bit Politicking

Senator Margaret Chase Smith seldom raises her voice in the Senate, but when she does it is usually for a good reason. Currently, the Senator is "mad as a hornet" about the practice, initiated by the Kennedy Administration, of permitting Democratic Senators and Representatives to announce the signing of new Department of Defense contracts involving their own states and districts. Senator Smith registered a protest

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over the practice a year ago and was assured that it would be stopped. But quite recently Senator Muskie of Maine was given the opportunity of announcing a new defense installation in that state. The practice, of course, has been "standard operating procedure" since the Kennedy Administration took office. On July 26, 1962, Ted Lewis reported in his column in the New York *Daily News* that "Democratic Senators and Representatives are given first chance to announce defense contracts going to their states or districts. The daily list of contract awards goes from the Pentagon direct to the White House before noon. Kennedy's aides pass the information on to the proper party legislators. . . . This two-bit politicking is considered most helpful by Congressmen of the party in power." Helpful it may be, in a partisan sense, but it should be stopped.

THE PERON PARALYSIS . . *by Irving L. Horowitz*

[*As visiting professor at the University of Buenos Aires, Dr. Horowitz was an eyewitness to the civil war in the Argentine capital last month. (See also his "Storm Over Argentina," The Nation, March 31, 1962.) He returned last week to the United States to resume his regular post as Chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Hobart and William Smith Colleges.* — ED.]

> This is the military commander of Campo de Mayo speaking. Having been prevented from any free access to any other means of communicating with the people of Argentina, we have taken the necessary step of taking over this station, Radio Belgrano Lr-3, to inform you of the struggle to gain legality for Argentina, for democracy, for the people.

With these words, the momentous "final phase" in the struggle for political domination over Argentina was announced — a struggle which began among those military factions responsible for the ouster of President Arturo Frondizi precisely because of his insistence on free elections and legality. The battle of radio stations began in earnest when officials "loyal to Guido" stopped standard broadcasting in Argentina for the purpose of issuing its own version of events:

> This is the Secretary of War of the Republic of Argentina informing you to stay calm. A section of the armed forces seeking to destroy the legally sanctioned institutions of our Argentine Republic has openly defied constitutional authority. This group, whose intent it is to establish a totalitarian regime in defiance of the will of the people, will be put down. This is Radio Nacional Lr-1, transmitting over Radio Diffusion. . . .

This battle of the military had a surrealistic dimension — in almost every conceivable way. Mozart, Beethoven and military marches were interspersed with the staccato messages of the "rebel" and "blue" forces of General Juan Carlos Onganía, while the offical government stations of the "red" forces of General Juan Carlos Lorio leaned to the lighter fare — everything from Miles Davis to Guy Lombardo. Even the choice of colors for the contending armies was dictated by the absurd inability of lower echelon staff and the draftee to know on just which side he was on any given day. But perhaps the greatest incongruity is that the people of Buenos Aires — the *Porteño* — generally performed the business of living without allowing unwelcome intruders from the military camps to bother them.

As matters dragged on, as political conflict within the elite seemed insoluble, tensions mounted — but never enough to interfere with *la dolce vita*. Thursday night, September 20, the Modern Jazz Quartet performed before a packed house, while tanks were rumbling into the center of the city from Avellaneda to Plaza Constitution. Friday came, and with it the severing of communications and transportation systems — but again, the doughty *Porteño* carried on as usual. By that same afternoon there was a dramatic shift of response. The huge metropolis shut down tighter than a drum: windows were shuttered, schools were closed, people sent home from work. The shooting had begun. The battle had been joined. The outcome is now clear. The "rebel" forces "won" — both in a symbolic show of force and in compelling Guido to switch allegiances and dismiss his own military appointees.

Thus, after two weeks of a paper war and another week of a radio war, everything seemed "back to normal." Guido remained "President," Frondizi remained in guarded detention on the island of Martin Garcia, the "military" were still in the saddle (with only the faces inside the uniforms changing), and the citizenry back to work on Monday, September 24. Given all of this, should the Argentine military struggle be regarded as "just another Latin American *coup d'état*"? Were there any matters of principle involved? Will this *coup* solve anything? If so, for how long?

SPRING comes to Argentina in September. So too, do most revolutions. While the fancies of young men may turn to love, those of old militarists turn to politics. The difference this year is that the conflict was not between men with arms against men with slogans, but between contending armed forces. This in itself signifies the depth of the schism between powers and ideologies in present-day Argentina. "Crossing the line" — using weapons — marked something new in Argentine domestic affairs.

The potpourri of figures involved in the current crisis reflects personalities as much as politics. This is particularly so in a country plagued by the cult of personalism and the adoration of melodramatic effects. Who, then, are the new men of power in Argentina? At the top of the list must be placed Jose Maria Guido, who was literally compelled to accept the post as President of the Na-

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tion after the unceremonious disposal of Frondizi. It is clear to all that Guido's position is basically that of a puppet of the Armed Forces — whatever sector is in the position to make use of him. None the less, under his nominal tutelage, the electoral results of last March were nullified, the Cabinet posts (with two exceptions) were turned over to the military men and, perhaps worst of all, the façade of constitutionalism was maintained. The Argentines demand that their dictators at least pretend to legality.

The wild and often vicious attacks against "poor Guido" (the citizenry always preface his name with "*pobre*," and with good reason) as director of a premeditated plan to provoke general chaos and to turn the nation over to whatever type of communism or extremism would complete the country's dissolution — this on the sober authority of the Navy Minister, Admiral Jorge Palma — clearly indicate that the President is an impotent pawn in the hands of the military. Guido is a useful ambiguity to have about in an ambiguous political climate — a man "guiding the destinies of the Argentine people" without even having the power to resign, much less to retain office.

The key figure in the present struggle between "establishment" political militarists and the more aggressive "active" officers of Campo de Mayo, is General Onganía. The General is relatively young, in his early forties, and absolutely ruthless in his pursuit of a political role. Onganía has compelled Guido to relieve Army Commander Juan Carlos Lorio and Army Chief of Staff Bernardino Labayru; has seen to it that lesser military officers loyal to the "red cause" were similarly relieved of governmental duties, and has himself taken charge of the Army.

Onganía, as head of the most powerful, best trained section of the Argentine military (the encampment of 14,000 troops at Campo de Mayo) has ostensibly stood for early elections and a restoration of democratic processes. In the boldest statement thus far issued, he said that "We believe that the Armed Forces should not govern. They should be obedient to civil power. The Army constitutes itself starting today as the bulwark of the rights of the people and as custodian of their liberties." This in essence repeats the secret memorandum issued three weeks ago (and "leaked" to the press the same day) which was the first straw in the wind that a schism had occurred with the "young turks" (blue forces) and the "old guard" (red forces) that elevated the revolution from above to some semblance of meaning. For the older members of the officer corps were willing to risk Argentina's entire social structure rather than witness a recrudescence of Peronism. Onganía, for his part, seeks out a new tactic to deal with this same "working-class authoritarian" phenomenon.

THE only relatively independent political pivots remaining in the country are former Provisional President (after Peron in 1955 and before Frondizi in 1958) Pedro Aramburu; Minister of Finance, Alvaro Alsogaray; and Secretary-General of the major trade union organization (C.G.T.), Andres Framini.

Aramburu's call for the military to talk out rather than shoot out the problem reflects his growing political ambitions and the strong likelihood that he can yet play the "great compromiser" between the military factions, hence emerging as the new military "democrat." The difficulty is that Aramburu is basically captive to nostalgic illusions about Argentina as a great agricultural force, and the parallel difficulty that — although he may be considered the "great compromiser" within military circles — he is viewed generally as a man essentially without a program and without personal magnetism.

Alvaro Alsogaray has had remarkable powers of survival, entering the Frondizi regime in June, 1959 (although he was a candidate for President of an outrageously weak and insipid "Free Enterprise Party" in the 1958 elections). He has served since then. He is unquestionably the only man who can openly scoff at the military "child's play." This he can do because he is respected in international fiscal circles as a "sound money man" and for his ability to keep foreign investment capital coming into the country despite the breakdown of civilian rule and the round of military crises. On the other hand, it must be said that Alsogaray (whose brother is a leading figure in the "rebel blue" faction) reflects the failure of nerve of the Argentine middle classes — their willingness to abide almost any form of tyranny as long as their place in the world of consumer affluence remains unaffected. Thus, Alsogaray is essentially a pliable tool of the military, no less than its sole major critic.

Andres Framini is the real question mark in the present situation, as indeed he has been since the March election. Personal friend of Juan Peron, organizer in the textile industry, executive in the C.G.T., and successful candidate for governor in the Buenos Aires Province, he is a good example of the confusions as well as the sources of the Justicialist (Peronist) movement. He both follows and leads Peron in his attitudes. He is both a political demagogue and a dedicated labor leader. He exhibits every quality of acting boldly and yet did absolutely nothing to defy the nullification of the March elections which would have given his party a major voice in the councils of the mighty. Placed under house arrest during the uprising, no real attempt was made either to vilify or to crush him. Denied political support from all legal parties, he yet can claim the support of the largest party of all — the illegal Peronists or "Justicialists." But precisely because Peronism is not an authentic or a new ideology, but a dictatorship of a coalition of diverse interest groups—between left-wing Socialists and extreme right-wing upper-class socialites, between bourgeois Socialists and bureaucratic anti-Socialists — the simple plurality Framini commands cannot be translated into an area of effective social action.

But the task of labor is to lead. And thus far, Framini has demonstrated a unique impotence in this area. None the less, the unabsorbed Peronist mass is loyal to him and his "outlaw" party. No real solution is possible without him. But no real solution is possible with him, either.

THE economic and political factors underlying the struggle for power are painfully evident everywhere.

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The country suffers under the crush of a $500 million trade deficit threatening to become worse with the problem of eight billion pesos having only slender hard-currency backing. The cost of living is measured by the peso-dollar exchange ratio. Everything so measured in Argentina has jumped between 30 and 40 per cent in one year and over 200 per cent in the last four years. The national economy is in a state of utter stagnation, with unemployment steadily mounting and with merchants unable either to pay or collect debts. Add to this that pension funds were over one billion pesos in arrears and some idea of the *de facto* economic breakdown can be gleaned. In a country short on good housing, new apartments remain vacant. In a country rich in wheat and beef products, people tighten their belts. In a country short on manpower, people go without work. The military schism is thus a reflection of general economic turmoil no less than a diversionary tactic skirting the central problems of trade and national interest.

The political role of the military has clearly shifted. The so-called "democrats" or "reds" are simply that most indeterminate force which desires that military might be translated into direct political action and dominion. Call it Caesarism or Bonapartism. This group was undoubtedly heading Argentina straight toward the abyss of military dictatorship. The victory of the Onganía forces—the "blues" — is a victory for the traditional military role of watchdog over power rather than captor of it. Seen in this light, the meaning of General Onganía's "victory proclamation" thus becomes manifest.

The hard nut to crack is how this custodial role can be played in the face of stubborn Peronist massive (and passive) resistance. Whether the "blues" will allow the Peronists — and the Communists — to exercise power is as yet an unsettled question. This much is clear: Onganía is acutely aware of the need to absorb this Peronist mass in the political life of the country. For as long as this force is imperfectly or only partially assimilated, the continuation of revolution from above will be periodic and critical. Without support from this mass sector, Argentina remains politically incohesive and unable to resolve its major problems. It is not impossible that time and tide will break down the Peronist mass through a process of absorption in conventional middle-class politics. It is more likely, however, that this force will increasingly take a leftward turn, resisting diffusion and seeking to constitute itself a pivot which, although too small to rule itself, remains central enough for rule to turn on its support. The challenge can best be met by the inclusion and not the exclusion of the Peronist mass.

Berry: NEA

This was precisely what Arturo Frondizi attempted to do, precisely what he was ousted for doing, and tragically, exactly what Onganía and his military colleagues must once more attempt to do. Peronism cannot be legislated out of existence. It represents the weight and impulse of national aspirations concerning political and economic rejuvenation and redemption. The half year since Frondizi's removal has only proved the suicidal nature of a revolution from above that takes no cognizance of the social forces below.

HERE we may sum up the significances and shortcomings of the Argentine military revolution and indicate, at least in part, what might be expected in the near future.

1. The most obvious, and yet easiest to overlook, fact of the September events is that there is a complete collapse of the traditional "dialogue" between constitutional political forces and charismatic military forces. Despite the pious promises of the victorious "blue rebel" forces to turn over the affairs of state to a civilian government, the simple fact that this itself constitutes a military *wish* that can be broken any time the General Command at the Campo de Mayo so desires, makes it plain that the collapse of constitutional democracy initiated in 1930 has gone too far to admit of yet another vicious cycle of *de jure* democracy in a content of *de facto* dictatorship. The military revolution from above should make it quite plain that the Army does not simply "orient" politics, but is the exclusive "maker" of policies. The system of checks and balances had been destroyed by the Peronist revolt; the Peronist system of weights and counterweights has itelf been eliminated by the military. What now remains a necessary possibility is policy-making for the people, culminating in popular representation.

2. The military revolution signifies a yet deeper crisis, since however powerful an elite is, it still must count on support from the mass. The struggle between the military factions is an effort to register this fact in the domain of policy leadership. The "blues" had to win if only because some concessions to the facts of life were either going to be made, or Argentina would find itself in even more difficult straits socially and economically. The widespread cynicism and disenchantment of the general public with military solutions of any sort are translated into industrial inefficiency, labor stoppages and clandestine politics — and it still takes those who work for a living to add that cement which makes even revolutions from above possible.

3. The break-up of political parties in Argentina, the utter indifference of the new military men of power to Congressional disputations, are efforts to smash the stubborn Peronist mass. The "red" Army wants to perform this through a process of *attrition* of politics in general. The "blue" Army wishes to do this same thing through a process of *absorption* into traditional political forms. The "red" solution of the past half year has proved barren of results, since this Peronist mass, increasingly coming to rest on the sound sociological fact of mass society as such, could not be driven out of existence. The victory of On-

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ganía's forces is a subtle recognition that while Peronism cannot in itself muster sufficient support to rule democratically and exclusively, neither can any sort of political self-sufficiency be maintained without their inclusion in the scope of affairs. Whether Onganía's "victory" will be followed by an honest attempt to build on this realization remains to be seen.

4. None the less, it must be frankly said that the future is highly pessimistic. There is really little possibility that the military revolutionists — whether blue, red or purple — will gain mass support. For the very act of military-minded leaders ruling by proclamation and decree only further emphasizes the chasm that exists between the public and the powerful, between masses and elites, between rich and poor. Such a regime, despite vague and self-contradictory promises of "free elections," will clearly culminate either in another kind of "revolution from below" (something conspicuously absent throughout Argentine history) or, what is more likely, a return to the stagnant waters of an agriculturally oriented economy. But military feudalism of Aramburu's sort comes up against stubborn facts: Europe is less and less interested in purchasing Argentine meat and dairy produce. The "society of the masses" has already been conditioned to industrial and mechanical standards of work and leisure, to a world of picture-book affluence and consumer products. It is unlikely that this mass can share the oligarchical and military passion for order at the expense of industry, traditionalism at the expense of trade unionism, or paternalism at the expense of democracy. The military revolution is a pathetic effort by the feudal-minded to preserve power in a universe that has fast made feudalism an anachronism in Argentine social existence.

Thus it must finally be said that the military revolution is in truth a counterrevolution. And such a counterrevolution must fail in the long run because it is the disease rather than the cure for what ails the Argentine Republic: the continuing separation of political parties from the economic life of the mass (a mass which includes factory laborers, civil servants, small shopkeepers and white-collar workers). The demands of Argentines are essentially middle-class demands of an underdeveloped area — for "third force" attitudes in the cold war, for an equalization of social classes, for sound fiscal policies, etc. (These demands, ironically enough, were expressed by Peron in his doctrine of the *"tercera fuerza"*—third force—and later by Frondizi in his policy of industrial build-up through foreign capital.) The "historic" mission of the military — to act as the watchdog over politics — has become obsolete. It may have been a "counterweight" in feudal conditions, but it is only a "deadweight" in modern capitalist conditions.

Thus it is that we can look forward to even more bitter strife in the future — not necessarily between military factions acting out traditionalist politics, but between the military and all other sectors of Argentine society not bound by the economics of nostalgia and machine-gun politics. Until this battle is fought, however, Argentina must remain, for all of its riches of people and land, a portion of the social universe described by that dismal yet pungent word: underdeveloped.

EXPORTING TROUBLE . . *by Ernest Gruening*

MANY YEARS ago, Patrick Henry said: "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past." The wisdom of his words should not be forgotten, nor should they be lost to us at this time. If the experience of the past ten years, as we have poured millions of dollars of military aid into Latin America, has not provided oil for the U.S. "lamp of experience," the pathway is dark indeed.

The United States has given the countries of Latin America over half a billion dollars for military aid in the decade — and this estimate is conservative. Has anything monumental been accomplished?

The "here-today-and-gone-tomorrow" governments in Latin America have been unable to carry out the self-help measures which are a necessary part of President Kennedy's farsighted Alliance for Progress. I submit that ten years of military aid from this country to our southern neighbors have actually hurt the Latin American countries and made them even more unstable. Look at the known facts:

1. A military coup overthrew the existing government of Peru last July even as the Presidential election ballots were being counted. Army officers invaded the Pizarro Palace, seized and imprisoned President Manuel Prado and established themselves in power.

The tank which crashed through the palace gates was a Sherman tank made in the United States and supplied by us to Peru as a part of our military-aid program. The officer who carried out the capture of the palace, Colonel Gonzalo Briceno, was trained at Fort Benning, Georgia. Others of the junta and of its military cabinet likewise received their training in the United States. Several had been only recently awarded the U. S. Legion of Merit: in their citations, services to the "objectives of democracy" were stressed.

Seven candidates had been vying

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for the Presidency in Peru; three were closely bunched far in the lead. They were General Manuel Ordia, a former President who had come into power in 1948 through a military coup; Fernando Belaunde, candidate of the Popular Action Party; and Raul Haya de la Torre, long the head of the moderate left-wing anti-Communist APRA Party. None of these had secured quite the one-third of all the votes cast required by the Peruvian constitution, which provides that in such an event election shall be by the Congress. The military apparently feared that Haya de la Torre would be chosen and would institute what to them were objectionable social and economic reforms. To prevent this they took over.

The Kennedy Administration promptly announced that aid to Peru under our foreign-aid program — denoted for Latin America as "the Alliance for Progress" — would be suspended, and withheld recognition of the new government.

2. Several weeks earlier, a similar sequence of events had taken place in Argentina. There the military, dissatisfied with the results of the general elections, seized President Frondizi, imprisoned him on an island and installed a creature of their own, Jose Guido, in his place. The Kennedy Administration, however, recognized the new Argentine regime and continued its aid. Shortly thereafter, several hundred million dollars were pledged.

3. In Brazil, meanwhile, an uncertain situation prevailed in which the military held the balance of power and would in large part determine who would rule.

MEMBERS of Congress took notice of these events. Since the "Alliance for Progress" was predicated on commitments for economic and social reforms in return for American financial aid, and such commitments could not bind a new government installed by force, it was suggested that aid be suspended pending assurance that earlier promises would be kept and that there was sufficient stability to make re-commitments dependable.

Likewise, members of Congress noted that the substantial sums granted to Latin America for military assistance were promoting internal instability instead of strengthening hemispheric defense. The amounts granted had increased steadily in the past decade. From a modest $200,000 in 1952, they had risen to $91,600,000 in 1961.

Herblock in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Para el Progresso, si! I've already written to Washington about the new models."

Our military aid to Latin America was begun with the concept that the United States arms and United States training would serve to defend the Western Hemisphere in the event of invasion. American weapons, it was believed, would standardize Latin America's equipment with our own and thus promote both effectiveness and economy. Training of Latin American officers in our military institutions, and the personal contacts developed through our military missions sent to Latin American countries, would also, it was hoped, encourage those countries to adopt our principle of subordinating the military to civilian authority.

The fallacies in this concept were aired on the floor of the United States Senate:

1. Changing technology was making clear that in the event of an all-out war precipitated by Russia or Red China, the United States would have to defend the continent with missiles. The arms supplied by us to Latin American nations would have no appreciable value in hemispheric defense. Actually, they were being used to maintain dictatorships or to overthrow existing governments and replace them with military rule.

2. Contrary to views held in the wake of World War II, Communist take-overs would take place not by armed invasion from without, but by subversion from within. In that case, the arms supplied the overthrown regime would — as happened in Cuba — fall into the hands of the Communist subverters and help them maintain themselves in power. The arms the United States furnished Batista were used by Castro to

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repel the invasion in the Bay of Pigs.

3. The funds supplied by the United States to Latin American nations for hemispheric defense have failed to standardize armaments. On the contrary, these nations have spent considerable sums on planes, ships and other military hardware aboard, resulting in a miscellaneous stockpile of little military value, yet costly to maintain and repair.

4. The grave economic needs of these countries were being slighted because of these needless military expenditures designed, as it turned out, to maintain military establishments for prestige and power purposes. And because of the policy of the United States of "bailing out" the economies of Latin American countries — giving them dollars to make up for budgetary deficits — our economic aid, given for social and economic reforms, was being used for military weapons to enhance the prestige of Latin American generals and admirals.

THUS one nation will acquire some hardware only because a neighboring country has similar equipment. Ecuador tries to keep pace with Peru's air strength. Argentina rushed to buy an aircraft carrier after Brazil had bought one from England. Similarly, Ecuador protested long and loud, in 1958, when it became apparent that the U. S. Congress was considering providing an excess destroyer to Peru. Finally in 1959, despite the Pentagon's judgment that Ecuador did not need a destroyer to fulfill its role in hemisphere defense, and despite the State Department's concern that the upkeep of the ship would strain Ecuador's hard-pressed treasury, we bowed to the political considerations and furnished the destroyer.

Some of the military material given the Latin American countries has been wrecked through lack of training in their use. We made available to the Peruvian Air Force twelve F-86s, the planes which proved to be excellent fighters in Korea. I am told that before delivery some of the planes were modified slightly to reduce their speed to make for easier control in landing. The Peruvians insisted that the planes be remodified to their original extremely fast and tricky configurations. In the first month of their use, sadly, three of the planes cracked up.

Seeking high-powered planes, the Peruvian Air Force turned to Britain to purchase a squadron of sixteen British Hawker Hunters — jets which are even faster than the F-86s. The Peruvians also bought eight British Hawker Hunters — jets I understand, are already obsolete. I mention the Canberras' purchase because there is an interesting sidelight to that story. When the Ecuadorians, with whom the Peruvians have a violent border dispute, heard of the Peruvian deal, they rushed to buy six Canberras from the British. I understand that within days after delivery, they cracked up two on the ground. These planes cost about $1.4 million each.

RESPONSIBLE leaders in Latin America are aware of the problems and want military aid stopped. Francisco Orlich, the President of one of the most stable, democratic countries in Latin America — Costa Rica — said:

> We don't want any military support. We don't want any Army. In case of aggression, our Army is our moral standing and our faith in the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance. The two times that we have been invaded, our citizens have turned immediately into soldiers to defend democracy while the machinery of the Rio Treaty was set into motion. Any assistance we receive, we want to be directed toward education and economic development.

Another cautionary note was sounded by Eduardo Santos, a former President of Colombia and then in exile from the military dictatorship of Rojas Pinilla. He said:

> Against whom are we Latin Americans arming ourselves? Why are our countries ruining themselves with costly armaments which they will never be able to use? . . . We have no reason for fighting one another; we have only reasons for drawing close to each other and living together fraternally. . . . And do we have, perhaps, a military role to play in the great international conflicts? Never. In this era of the atomic bomb, with these incredibly costly armaments, with technical systems backed by millions, why are our poor countries continuing to ruin themselves with armaments which, in case of international conflict, would represent absolutely nothing? We are creating armies that are insignficant in international affairs, but devastating to the internal economy of each country. Each country is being occupied by its own army.

When newspaper accounts of my suggestion for phasing out military aid to Latin America were published in the countries there, the mail I received not only from people in the United States but from the people in Latin America was overwhelmingly favorable. Thus a Peace Corps member stationed in Chile wrote:

> It is of little importance that we may have decorated military leaders as "supporters of democratic principles" who later put the need for retaining an internal order which they consider in danger above democracy — such is the entire tendency of their training. And it is certainly a pity that the tank that broke down Prado's palace gate was made in the United States. But by helping Latin American countries engage in arms races that they cannot afford, we not only inhibit their development for the sake of useless armies; we also oblige ourselves to give them more foreign aid to compensate their economy and their government's revenue. Thus our gold reserve problem is also affected.

How many more Cubas, Chiles, Argentinas and Brazils do we need before we call a halt to this senseless and useless policy of military aid to Latin America?

And the most tragic note is struck as we realize that these same Latin American countries, wasting American dollars on an obsolete weaponry system, have great social and economic needs. In these very same countries housing conditions for the vast majority of people are appalling: disease is rampant, illiteracy rates are shockingly high and hunger is a normal condition.

Surely our American dollars can be better spent in Latin America than on arms. Let us judge the future by the past and use our lamp of experience to light new homes rather than to burn them down.

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SIT-INS AND MARCHES . . *by Carleton Mabee*

THE STUDENT movements for racial integration and for peace — the two major campus causes of the sixties so far — are similar in that they both use nonviolent, direct-action methods such as picketing, marches and civil disobedience. The student movement for integration centers in the South; it is directly related to the compelling personal concerns of its chiefly Negro participants. The student movement for peace centers in the North; it is more remote from student daily life and politically more sophisticated.

It is natural to ask whether the youth who take part in the more immediate integration struggle are being led by their experience toward taking part also in the similar, but more nebulous, peace struggle.

The present nonviolent movement for integration grew during the 1940s and early 1950s, out of pacifism; that is, the movement for nonviolent resistance as a substitute for war. Moreover, it is also related to the peace movement in that the wave of sit-ins which flooded the South in 1960 released energy that helped produce, in 1961 and 1962, a corresponding wave of student peace demonstrations.

In the North, students in both movements are usually white. The number of colored participants in Northern integration demonstrations is sometimes embarrassingly small; it is even smaller in peace demonstrations. One Negro taking part in a Washington peace march widely supported by Northern students could count only seventeen Negroes among some 5,000 marchers. Evidently many Negroes feel that participating in peace marches doesn't help them win middle-class acceptance.

Northern whites who participate in one movement often also participate in the other. According to Walter Lively, a colored field secretary for the Student Peace Union, most of the union's members are whites who first became active in liberal causes through supporting the sit-ins. At a recent integration conference in Baltimore, sponsored jointly by CORE and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), a considerable minority of the delegates were involved in both movements.

If you were to query Southern Negroes on whether their participation in the nonviolent integration struggle has led them to take an interest in the peace movement, they are likely to say that they never even thought of any connection. A Southern region American Friends Service Committee representative, Tart Bell, explained it this way: Negro students become so intensely involved in their local desegregation struggles that many of them think only of the immediate crisis. "If a man's in a lion's den," said CORE National Director James Farmer, "he's going to worry about the lion." As the much-jailed North Carolina Negro minister, Elton Cox of the CORE staff, put it, most Negro youth don't think intellectually about the nonviolent movement for desegregation, and therefore don't see any relation between it and the conscientious objector's position.

Nevertheless, there has been more discussion of peace among Southern students since the wave of sit-ins began in 1960 than before, according to Ella Baker of the National Student YWCA, Atlanta. Workers for peace organizations occasionally appear even in the middle and lower South, hoping to attract students who are already in the integration movement. Some integration leaders have resisted on the ground that integration should be the first concern of students in the South; it is hard, they say, to be effective on two fronts at once.

WHEN Leo Lillard, a Florida-born Negro, first became a college student in Nashville, he thought — like the rest of his class — "only of money, money, money." Taking part in sit-ins, however, changed him. "If I had not been in the sit-in movement, I would never have been concerned about my fellow men," he explains. Now he is active on many fronts. "I see no difference in explaining to critics why I picket for peace or civil rights," he told me as he left a picket line; "I just can't see any separation between peace and freedom." It is possible that the sit-ins have produced more changes in the sitters than in the segregationists whose businesses they seek to affect.

Another colored student who has come to believe that peace and integration are indivisible is Jan Triggs of Howard University. "If there is to be a genuine turn toward peace in the world," he said in a speech to peace marchers, "our society, like that of the Soviet Union, needs reconstructing. In this task there are many posts to be manned. The peace marcher who is too busy to join in a sit-in deludes himself if he thinks he is fighting for peace. Sitters who will not demonstrate for peace are likewise deluded if they think they are fighting for freedom; they are only acquiescing in the drift toward the ultimate solution of the race problem — the extinction of the human race."

BOTH North and South there is now a small, vigorous group of students in the integration movement — especially among those who circulate outside their own campuses— who have become peace-conscious in varying degrees. The variety of views among them is suggested by a recent conversation in the church-basement headquarters of the student integration movement in Cairo, Illinois, a town with Southern-style segregation.

The chief conversationalists in a group around a table were both twenty-two years old and had both recently been arrested in Cairo while demonstrating for desegregation. One was the very blond Jim Adams of Southern Illinois University, and the other the very black John Lewis of Fisk University.

Someone recalled that Robert Williams of Monroe, N.C., had advocat-

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ed Negroes' using force against vigilantes.

"I agree with Williams," Adams said, "that if no police protection is available, the law of survival justifies Negroes defending themselves."

"We have the protection of the law in the United States," Lewis replied, "so fighting is not justified." Lewis, born of a poor family in the Alabama black belt, is a ministerial student and chairman of the student integration group in Nashville.

Someone by the table asked: "Is violence to defend yourself from cannibals justified?"

"Violence in no sense is justified," Lewis replied. "I have no right to destroy any human beings because they are sacred."

"Your own life is as sacred as the next person's," Adams broke in. "You should at least defend yourself enough to get away. We were taught that in the Army."

Then Adams asked the inevitable question: "If someone attacked my wife, I would risk my life to save her; if someone attacked your wife, what would you do?"

"I would try to defend her by nonviolence," Lewis answered. "I would try to attract violence to me away from her. I would offer the attacker clothes, food or money to prevent physical violence. Nonviolence involves sacrifice. You must be willing to suffer, even to die."

Lewis has applied for draft status as a conscientious objector. Adams, like most students in the peace and integration movements, accepts nonviolence as a tactic as long as it works. While he believes that armies are unfortunately necessary for defense, he regards nuclear weapons as essentially aggressive. He wears a nuclear-disarmament button.

AMONG the integrationist students inclined to pacifism, some have come to this position by the road of rebellion against society. When Negro students enter the integration movement, they are likely to be thinking in terms of middle-class demands for equal status, such as the right to eat in restaurants with whites. In time, they are likely to realize that equality in public places is not enough. They become aware of the power structure which prevents equal opportunity in jobs, housing and politics. As they knock up against that power structure, some of them become more and more alienated from the institutions that support it, such as education, business and government. They become emotionally "anti-respectability," "anti-boobeousie." When asked whether they would fight for the United States, some may snap, as does Dion Diamond, of Petersburg, Va., a much-jailed member of the SNCC staff: "The only ultimate defense against communism is the complete realization of the American ideal of equality for all. Otherwise what is there to defend?" Or, as a student at Tennessee Agricultural and Industrial University says, "I don't think any second-class citizen should fight for his country."

Other integrationist students incline to pacifism because they have come to regard nonviolence as a way of life. These tend to be religiously oriented.

White theological student Bob Zellner, SNCC staff member from Alabama, is still struggling with some of the fine points of nonviolence theory. For instance, he is not certain whether, when police are brutal to him, as they have been, it would be vengeful of him to sue them. But on some questions he is sure: "Violence in international relations simply can't be permitted any more," he says, "so the nonviolent movement must be made strong enough to act in international relations as well as in race."

BECAUSE the Nashville-to-Washington peace walk included colored as well as white personnel, its story suggests both the problems and possibilities involved in putting integration and peace into one package in the South.

The walk was planned by the Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA), a group known for its demonstrations against nuclear testing. During the planning, Freedom Rider Jim Peck, of both CORE and CNVA, urged that the walkers should not make a point of challenging segregation in the towns through which they passed. It is simply not feasible, he urged, to expect many Southern Negroes, with their overwhelmingly personal concern in integration, to get involved in peace; nor many Southern whites, with their deeply ingrained feelings about color, to get involved in integration. Robert Gore, who took part in sit-ins while in college in North Carolina, and who was the only Negro to participate in the whole walk from Nashville to Washington, agreed, and it was so decided.

Last April, in Nashville, where the walk began, the walkers were invited to take part in a sit-in. They declined, according to plan, but did schedule their walk to pass by the site of the sit-in. The sitters, resenting the fact that the walkers did not join them, stayed away from a meeting the walkers had planned.

Quite differently, when the walkers were still twelve miles from Lebanon, Tenn., they "were absolutely astounded"—Gore wrote in his log of the walk—when Negroes from the Lebanon integration movement joined them. "We proudly walked into town about thirty strong," he wrote; and they "passed through the hostile crowds with no worries."

In both Lebanon and nearby Carthage, the walkers "established a perfect integration" with sitters, as Brad Lyttle, another walker, put it. The sitters understand nonviolence, he said, "because they have practiced it."

LATER THE walkers met a group of colored students on their way home from a SNCC conference in Atlanta. One of them, Clarence Glenn of Louisville, was startled by the walkers. "I had never heard anyone talk like they did before," he said afterward. "But it's pretty much like what we are working for in the South. We think love and nonviolence can change the South; they think love and nonviolence can change the world. I think we are working for the same things."

The walkers often slept overnight in churches and held meetings there. By the time they reached Virginia, Gore decided that most Negro ministers they met seemed to be vaguely attracted to the walkers' peace program, while most white ministers didn't consider it worth discussing.

When the walk was over in June,

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it seemed to have been largely the fact that the walkers were integrated which had brought hostility down on them, including arrests, cursing and pelting with stones. Nevertheless, while Peck emphasized—with justice, as Gore's log shows—that many Negroes initially welcomed the walkers because they thought they were demonstrating for integration, Gore decided that the walk proved that those who are using nonviolence in the integration struggle are at least open to the possibility of using it in international relations as well.

NOW that during the last three years the two "terrible meek" movements have achieved new stature, some participants believe that the present unobtrusive ties between them, if developed, would strengthen both. It would be helpful, they say, if the peace forces would point up their effort to educate for integration as an essential ingredient of peace, and if the integration forces would point up their effort to educate for peace as an essential for making integration meaningful. As Lawrence Scott of the Washington Peace Action Center says, "There is no great value in desegregated coffins." It would do more good than harm, they argue, if Martin Luther King, James Farmer and other nonviolent integration leaders would be more vocal about the peace issue.

Robert Gore has come to believe, as a result of the Nashville-Washington walk, that the two movements should openly support each other. George Willoughby of the CNVA and Carl Braden of the Southern Conference Educational Fund believe that a manifesto by both colored and white leaders on the relationship of the two movements would be timely. Walter Lively of the Student Peace Union thinks that, while to promote the formation of peace organizations among student integrationists in the South would be divisive, Southern students should be aware that the integration movement in the South *is* the peace movement in the South; and, to encourage this awareness, he recommends experimenting with such devices as peace study groups within the integration forces, a magazine about peace for integrationists, and a peace secretary for integration organizations. The problem, as he sees it, is to show students that it is necessary to retire Senator Eastland from Congress because he is both a racist and a militarist—and that he is both for the same reasons.

Meanwhile, the two movements have already been cooperating in ways which hint of further possibilities. In Northern cities, they sometimes coordinate the scheduling of peace and integration demonstrations to encourage participation in both. The War Resisters League has released its executive director to give about half his time to integration. Peace marchers, with the encouragement of their sponsoring committee, have sat-in at segregated restaurants. Both movements have been promoting the purchase of women's leather tote bags produced by Negroes in Haywood County, Tenn., to help offset the economic retaliation they have suffered for registering to vote. Both movements are beginning to look for ways to support political candidates who favor both desegregation and a search for alternatives to the cold war. And both movements are assisting, along with nonviolent forces in India and Britain, in the creation of a nonviolent army to operate across international boundaries in Africa on behalf of both national freedom and racial integration.

THE ETHICS OF AFFLUENCE . . *by Roger L. Shinn*

SOCIAL CHANGE always brings about changes in ethics. Today the economy of affluence is challenging some of our old-fashioned virtues as ruthlessly as an earlier industrialism challenged feudal ethics. The clash comes in big debates about foreign aid, featherbedding and shorter working hours, a balanced federal budget. It comes in little debates when children, hearing how parents once worked for ice-cream cones and put nickels in postal savings, ask whether the parents were born in the Middle Ages.

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It is never easy in a time of ethical change to sort out the real issues. Ethical argument always has ideological overtones. Those who have profited by the old ways confuse obsolescent customs with eternal laws of God or nature. Those out for a fast buck would like to dismiss fundamental responsibilities as quaint customs. It is not likely that our society will easily grope through its ethical confusion and attain clarity. But the needs of our time and the pace of change demand that we try.

Since social critics usually emphasize the problems caused by affluence, let us immediately recognize its advantages. Higher standards of living mean opportunity for mankind. Increased production brings more than a furious flow of gadgets plus perverse pressures to consume: it offers better diet, opportunities for health and housing, increased chances for education and the benefits of culture. Social security, although an answer to the threat of poverty, is possible only in an affluent society: unemployment insurance and old-age benefits are not a live option in a society like India.

An economy of high productivity can (although it may not) contribute to a democratic ethos. Classical ethics, stemming from Plato and Aristotle, assumed that "the good life" was possible for only the aristocratic few. Slaves and artisans, along with women, could not enjoy true happiness and should not participate in political life. This attitude (with due allowance for the plain snobbery involved) rested on the hard economic fact that few people had ac-

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cess to education or even to elementary political information.

By contrast, the Stoic and Biblical ethics pointed to a moral grandeur open to common people and slaves. Even so, they assumed the obvious — that the majority of mankind was fated to poverty, constant insecurities and few choices in vocation or education.

Now economic affluence and new techniques of communication open to the average person the privileges that, through most civilized history, only a few could claim. It is economically possible for everyone to belong to the leisure class — at least to the degree of enjoying moderate economic security, many conveniences unknown to the most privileged in the past, and access to knowledge and culture.

Such opportunity brings a burden of responsibility. Once social reformers, while struggling for justice and relief of hardship, met poverty as an inescapable fact. As poverty becomes less necessary, a society with a conscience must become more disturbed than any past society about the persistent deprivation of some of its members.

AFFLUENCE has its ethical dangers. Politicians may campaign as though increased production were an unquestioned good, but some voices warn against its snares. Carl Sandburg, for example, has observed: "When the goal of a country is only happiness and comfort, there is danger. . . . All these things in the advertisements — any time the main goal of life is to get them, so that they override your other motives, there's danger."

The acquisitive impulse, we may quickly note, thrives independently of modern affluence. Moralists have always worried about the temptations of materialism. But what is happening under the impact of affluence is something different. The contemporary economy is clashing with revered ethical traditions.

It is not simply specific sectarian ethics that are on the defensive. Old precedents — whether Biblical, rational, or prudential — are becoming obsolescent. Neither the fathers of the church nor the fathers of our country foresaw the economy of contemporary America and its ethical implications.

Traditional ethics, when they had any strong social concern, gave major attention to the *limitations* of wants. Since production could never meet need, decency called for restraint in consumption. The ethical tradition most influential in America emphasized the virtues of hard work and productive enterprise, of deferred enjoyment, of saving of resources and wealth, of sacrifice of some pleasures for higher goals, even of fundamental sacrifice.

This ethical mood we now call, usually with condescension, Puritan. A rather general Puritan spirit characterizes many societies and, as has often been observed, is socially useful in a stage of industrialization. The more specific Puritanism of American society came out of Calvinistic Christianity. But it wandered far from Calvin in its curious amalgam of Biblical ethics and shrewd self-concern. To this day many an American of the older generation is not sure which of his favorite quotations come from the Bible and which from *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

Now new economic habits are mounting a massive assault on the ethical tradition. Circumstances are teaching us that — sometimes, at least — we may have our cake and eat it too, provided there are enough cakes and enough credit for buying them. As a matter of fact, we can have cake, cars, color television and a trip to Europe, all to be paid for tomorrow and the day after. Best of all, we can enjoy all this with good conscience. For the whole process is part of the sacred American way. High production, high consumption, high employment go together under the guidance of an "invisible hand" even more beneficent than the one celebrated by Adam Smith.

THE SHIFT of values inevitably has caused some strain in the American ethical consciousness. Frugality, once a virtue, is now a threat to the economy. Debt for the sake of indulgence, once impossible or sinful, now promotes prosperity. Where once greed was opposed to human welfare, we now hear that greed (both for profits and for consumers' goods) is a public benefit. Traditional faith taught, "You cannot serve God and mammon"; editorialists today tell us, "You serve God and society best by serving mammon."

In the face of these conflicts a clear logic often supports the newer ethos. We all combine in a loyal effort to maintain high production, not so much because we need the goods (except in wartime) as because we need the jobs. Agricultural surpluses lead to national scandals, but farmers must have work and income. If some people question the prestige-patterns connected with new models of automobiles, all of us worry about the economy when the cars don't sell.

So for the most part we are glad to abandon the traditional ethic. Without too much effort we learn to consume as conscientiously as the Puritans produced and saved. When duty is fun, it is easy to be dutiful — and consuming is fun.

Yet there are many signs that America is worried about the relaxing of old disciplines. Wasteful spending is not so painful as inadequate diet, but it may be a cause for concern. The degradation of tastes by the "hidden persuaders" presents no such immediate crisis as the economic crash that might come if the advertisers failed, but it can gnaw at the vitality of our culture.

In eighteenth-century America, John Woolman, the Quaker who protested against slavery and exploitation, became concerned about his own success as a retail merchant. He wrote in his *Journal*: "I found it good for me to advise poor people to take such things as were most useful, and not costly." Eventually Woolman gave up his business. A modern Woolman would occupy a strange place in society. No doubt people thought him impractical in his own time. Now they might go on to assail him as a foe of the spirit that makes America great. Yet a career like his raises questions about the validity of a social order that, for so sound a goal as high employment, must stimulate production by artificial means and relax most of the traditional economic disciplines.

The answer is not to maintain outmoded disciplines simply to serve the general principle that discipline is a

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good thing. Much of the traditional ethic was a product of a cultural situation that has no claim upon society today. Some of the sentimental praise of the old-fashioned virtues and the sound dollar is as irrevelant to the real issues as the Truman-Eisenhower distaste for modern art.

The contemporary ethical task is to sort out the real issues and to find the disciplines that the present world demands. If we are spared some old burdens, we face new ones. Once a family was accounted virtuous when Mother and Father saved a tidy sum for their old age. If now social security plus a pension plan accomplish the same end — with greater efficiency and for many more people — then saving as such has no special ethical merit. But today Mom and Dad, along with the entire society, face many issues concerning the use of personal and national wealth. Some of these require a more imaginative and disciplined spirit than building up the savings account.

A FEW of the new problems of the ethics of affluence deserve brief mention here.

¶*Elimination of desperate poverty.* Although poverty is no longer an economic necessity, it persists. Wages below fifty cents an hour are frequent for domestic help and workers in local businesses in some areas. Within the economy of abundance, about one-fifth of American families receive incomes of less than $2,500 per year — an intolerably low minimum. The cold statistics hide the hot facts of misery and cruelty.

If the problem were solely economic, the solution would be rather simple. A redistribution of 2.8 per cent of personal incomes would raise every family to $2,500. But the problem is not merely economic. The impoverished are largely sharecroppers, migrant workers, dwellers in slums and racial ghettos. Their poverty will be overcome only as America solves some of her larger social and ethical problems.

¶*Our relation to an impoverished world.* It is still a minority of mankind that gets enough to eat. The gap between rich and poor nations gets wider, as the rich get richer while the poor barely keep pace with

"I'll grant you the improved transmission, but the planned obsolescence is still sluggish."

exploding populations. Any major help for this problem will strain the resources and imagination of mankind.

¶*The reconception of the meaning of production.* Persistent unemployment despite high production points to an increasingly knotty problem. President Kennedy has said that the U.S. economy needs to provide *25,000 new jobs per week* for the next ten years. Automation means that fewer workers produce more goods. Thus it might appear that only a dizzying rate of consumption could keep everybody employed.

But at the same time we hear constantly that our society cannot afford to get rid of slums or to operate adequate schools. Hospitals cannot pay enough to attract nurses. Metropolitan areas lack the money to maintain public transportation, keep up the parks or deal effectively with addiction to narcotics.

Obviously some redistribution of affluence is needed. And this requires a reconsideration of the meaning of useful work. Habitually we think of production as the job of laborers and entrepreneurs who make things that can be loaded on trucks and sold for cash. But the typical American employee is no longer the blue-collar worker. The time has come to give new attention to the productivity of teachers, nurses, social workers and artists. Our society with all its consumer goods must discipline its allocation of expenditures.

¶*The impact of technology upon persons.* Social analysts increasingly call attention to the effects of large organizations and mass communications upon human beings. Here the ethical problems are far subtler than in the past. We face not the obvious evil of cold and starvation, but the subtle erosion of personal freedom in a conformist society. The ethics of advertising concern less the blatant lies, which government agencies and Better Business Bureaus can police, than the manipulation of people. The affluent society has to learn how to make its institutions serve people instead of enslaving them.

¶*The meaning of leisure.* Perhaps we have less leisure than we think. The shorter working day is not all gain if people must spend hours fighting traffic jams to get to work. The longer weekend becomes frustrating if families spend half of it soaking up carbon monoxide in order to enjoy fresh air for the other half. (Fresh air is one example of a commodity that is free in most societies, expensive in ours.)

Nevertheless the focus of life increasingly shifts from the struggle for necessities to the use of the enlarged opportunities that wealth provides. Most people today have time to watch television. In the days of Marx's angry complaints against the economy, workers had neither the time nor the television. Today leisure raises the question of whether ordinary people will widen their horizons or become the victims of the images that industry pays to put in their living rooms.

THESE five problems suggest that the economy of affluence, while solving some old ethical struggles, has thrown a full ethical agenda at our time. Lurking beneath all the specific issues is the fundamental ancient question of the chief end of man. The distrust of wealth, so characteristic of traditional religions, may again haunt mankind in new ways. In its details, that distrust is irrelevant to an economy of plenty. But the question remains, "What will it profit a man if he gains the whole world and forfeits his life?" Our century must ask a revised version of the question, "What good is a man when machines can do most jobs better?" The affluent society has yet to offer a clear answer.

[*See also "The Economics of Affluence," by Alexander Campbell, issue of June 2, 1962.* The Nation *intends to revert to other aspects of the affluent society in future issues.*—Ed.]

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Man and Other Pests

SILENT SPRING. By Rachel Carson. Houghton Mifflin Co. 368 pp. $5.

Marston Bates

WE OF Western civilization are apt to consider ourselves the crowning glory of evolutionary development — the end toward which life has been struggling through these vast stretches of time. But from the point of view of the biosphere, of the complex web of living things formed through these past eons, man often looks more like an evolutionary mistake than a crowning glory. "Civilized" man, from this viewpoint, is a disease of the biosphere, destroying the natural system and in great danger of destroying himself as well.

This gloomy view is most often based on the hazards of nuclear warfare or the madly multiplying human population. But many other threats to our survival, and to the survival of every living thing around us, are as serious if less obvious. Among these is our increasing dependence on the mass application of powerful chemical poisons for the control of organisms we consider nuisances or dangers — insects and weeds. This particular threat to nature — man included — is the subject of Rachel Carson's most recent book, *Silent Spring*.

Miss Carson achieved international fame a few years ago with the great success of *The Sea Around Us*. Her other books, the earlier *Under the Sea Wind* and the later *The Edge of the Sea*, also dealt with the ever fascinating subject of the oceans and their margins. Now she has left the celebration of the wonders of the natural world to look at man and his effect on that world.

Miss Carson is indignant about the unexpected effects of our thoughtless broadcasting of pesticides. She writes persuasively, for she has taken great pains to gather and check her facts. Parts of the book were published in *The New Yorker* magazine last summer, and immediately provoked wide interest, discussion and controversy. This reaction will undoubtedly intensify with the publication of the book. No one is in a better position than Miss Carson to arouse the indignation of the public and the conscience of the chemical industry, and it may well be that she has made a real contribution to our salvation.

WE have been using insecticides since the middle of the last century, when arsenical sprays were developed. These were poisonous enough, and a danger to man as well as to insects. But the dangers inherent in the insecticides used before the Second World War were trivial compared with those of the chemicals that have been developed recently.

The first of the new chemicals was DDT. It was synthesized by a German chemist in 1874, but its miraculous powers as an insecticide were not discovered until 1939, through the work of a Swiss, Paul Müller. The Germans and then the Allies found it to be extremely efficient in controlling the body lice so notoriously associated with war. It was spectacularly successful in controlling an outburst of typhus in Italy in 1943, and it was soon found also to be a potent agent of destruction for malaria-carrying mosquitoes. The typhus experience, as Miss Carson points out, may have given DDT an undeserved reputation for harmlessness, since in powder form it is not readily absorbed through the skin. For most purposes, however, the chemical is dissolved in oil, and in this form it is definitely toxic — not only for insects but for men and other animals.

A long series of other organic insecticides has been developed since the discovery of the potency of DDT, some of them much more powerful poisons. At the same time, there has been a parallel development of herbicides, "weed-killers." Miss Carson explores the chemistry and toxicity of these various chemicals in some detail. She has, of course, dug up the most obvious and extreme cases of poisoning to prove her points, and defenders of the pesticides will argue that these instances are trivial in terms of the numbers of persons exposed. But again and again she points out that the possible mass effects on people are subtle and that the acute incidents, pathetic as they are, are most important as warnings of what may be happening less obviously — warnings that have largely been ignored.

Miss Carson is greatly concerned with the toxicity of these chemicals for man; but she is, it seems to me, even more concerned with the effect of their use on the natural ecosystem; she has written, incidentally but clearly, a treatise on ecology, on the interrelations of animals, plants and the environment. Ecology may well be the most important of the sciences from the viewpoint of long-term human survival, but it is among those least understood by the general public, and least supported by research. Modern man has got the idea that he can rearrange nature for his own immediate purposes — this brash newcomer regards the ancient planet and its persisting web of life purely as a "resource" for his species. The idea comes from his undeniably impressive engineering accomplishments. But the engineers have not repealed any of the laws of nature; they have learned to work with them. We can shoot ourselves out into space, perhaps to the moon, but we have not canceled the law of gravity: if we jump from a cliff, we land with a splash — unless we use a parachute.

THE LAWS of ecology are equally valid, though far more complex and less well understood. The unexpected effects of the mass sprayings show how foolhardy it is to undertake large-scale intervention without first attempting to understand the relationships among the organisms involved. Miss Carson cites case after case: the mass murder of birds from the wholesale spraying for Dutch elm disease (which incidentally turned out to be a poor way of controlling the disease); the death of fish from forest spraying; the destruction of the delicate complex of organisms that supports soil fertility. Most puzzling are the extermination campaigns, like that against the fire ant in the South, which often have little effect on the target insect and incidentally create far more damage than the pest itself. "These insecticides," Miss Carson notes, "are not selective poisons; they do not single out the one species of which we desire to be rid. Each of them is used for the simple reason that it is a deadly poison. It therefore poisons all life with which it comes in contact. . . ."

MARSTON BATES, professor of zoology at the University of Michigan, is the author, among other books, of Man in Nature *(Prentice-Hall),* The Forest and the Sea *(Random House),* The Prevalence of People *(Scribner).*

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Miss Carson, I think unfortunately, does not mention the successful extermination campaigns: against the Mediterranean fruit fly in Florida; the African malaria vector, *Anopheles gambiae* in Brazil and the same insect in Egypt. In each of these cases, the victory was won over a recently introduced species, still in unstable relationship with the new environment. The extermination of the yellow-fever mosquito from many cities also involves a species that, in America, has never been able to establish itself in nature, away from man. These successes undoubtedly led to the generalized enthusiasm for campaigns of extermination; but they seem to me really to drive home Miss Carson's point, insofar as the success in each case was a consequence of quite abnormal circumstances.

THE NEW insecticides have turned out to be failures in many instances because insects have shown a surprising ability to develop resistance or even immunity. Up to now, as the mosquitoes, flies or beetles have developed immunity to one compound, we have usually been able to come up with another — but this can hardly be an unending game and perhaps the insects will win after all. It is the abundant pest that develops immunity, while all of the associated animals, important in maintaining the delicate balance of nature, continue to die.

Miss Carson is not opposed to chemical pesticides: she is opposed to their indiscriminate and thoughtless use. She sums up the argument in her concluding paragraph:

> The "control of nature" is a phrase conceived in arrogance, born of the Neanderthal age of biology and philosophy, when it was supposed that nature exists for the convenience of man. The concepts and practices of applied entomology for the most part date from that Stone Age of science. It is our alarming misfortune that so primitive a science has armed itself with the most modern and terrible weapons, and that in turning them against the insects it has also turned them against the earth.

Dear Shadows

DUBLIN IN THE AGE OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS AND JAMES JOYCE. By Richard M. Kain. University of Oklahoma Press. 216 pp. $2.75.

Denis Donoghue

I SHALL BE unfair to Richard Kain's new book, partly because its virtues are those I could not even begin to acquire. The book is all generosity, all warmth, all affection, and I vote for these qualities as ardently as the next man and wish that I could have them personally as a bonus; but I should guess that Mr. Kain is willing to have them even at the risk of missing the astringency, the salt, the rigor, which I value so much in criticism. For me, criticism is the hygiene of literature; for Mr. Kain, it is animated conversation around the poem's fire.

Dublin in the Age of Yeats and Joyce is an animated handbook; not a Cook's Tour or a Baedeker or an encyclopedia or a lecturer's bottom drawer. (It has a rudimentary map, but no photographs.) It does not inform the curious that the Vico Road is in Killiney or that Yeats was born in Sandymount Avenue. It assumes the company of intelligent men and women talking about the Ireland of Yeats, Joyce, AE, Synge, Lady Gregory, Michael Collins, Arthur Griffith, Sean O'Casey, all the fish both great and small; and it directs the conversation with quiet grace. (I have never heard such a conversation in Dublin: we traffic in mockery, daily spite, the homicidal laugh.)

The conversation is designed to interest, to amuse, to remove certain obstacles of ignorance, to open the right door at the right moment when a bewildered figure arrives with *Ulysses* or *The Tower* in his/her hand. We meet this figure very regularly in Ireland; usually an American, like the girl who asked me some years ago whether Joyce was a Catholic, and registered the blankness of desolation when I answered darkly that he was nothing else. Mr. Kain would have been more helpful: he has all the patience in the world, all the good will, and now he has written this book to help that American girl. True, he does not answer the Catholic question, but he talks to the girl about Irish history, Easter 1916 and all that, the Black and Tans, Parnell, John O'Leary, the Famine, the Lane controversy; and at the end of the book the girl feels much happier. So the book was necessary. Anglo-Irish literature is incorrigibly mired in fact, event, personality, gossip, argument, time and place. An Irish reader who has never been to Harvard, seen honeysuckle, or owned a watch can still make something of *The Sound and the Fury*, but *Parnell's Funeral* must be impenetrable to a reader who is ignorant of Emmet, Tone, Fitzgerald, O'Connell the Great Comedian, de Valera, Cosgrave, O'Higgins, O'Duffy and a multitude of attendant Irish facts.

A REMARKABLE number of these facts are housed in Mr. Kain's book, and I know of no other book in which they are set out so warmly. Yet I wonder. To each his own Ireland, yes, and it is great to be forgiven, but Mr. Kain will not even let us confess our sins. The reader who finishes Mr. Kain's genial book will go on to read Yeats and Joyce and I think he will often be shocked to find there such bitterness, such venom; he may wonder whether Mr. Kain has not softened the facts with his own charity. If the same reader meets Austin Clarke's satires and *The Valley of Squinting Windows* and Denis Johnston's plays and Sean O'Casey's autobiographies, he may begin to suspect that the Celtic glory is in the eye of the Louisville beholder.

But I should not make too much of this; the facts are there, Mr. Kain knows them all, and he is entitled to his own voice. In a bigger book, a longer conversation, he would perhaps say a good deal more about the element of fantasy in Irish literature, wild things like *King Goshawk* and *At-Swim-Two-Birds*, and a little more about the satirists and the nineteenth-century translators and the Gaelic poets treated lovingly in Daniel Corkery's *The Hidden Ireland*. But a bigger book is a different occasion.

Many readers of Mr. Kain's new book will already know his *Fabulous Voyager*, still the most helpful elucidation of *Ulysses*. The new book has many of the earlier qualities, notably a marvelous tact, a willingness to explain and then to be silent when the road is reasonably clear. But it loses a little of that steady focus which made *Fabulous Voyager* so firm; the wider screen and the bigger cast are not managed with quite the original deftness. In some of the transitions from person to person, one event to another, the sentences

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DENIS DONOGHUE, author of The Third Voice *(Princeton University Press), teaches at University College, Dublin, and was director of the first International Yeats Summer School, at Sligo in 1960.*

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grind to a halt and have to be pushed into the next paragraph.

But I am more concerned with the way in which this book will be used. I hope and pray that it will be taken for what it is, a humane guide to the literature, not a substitute for the literature. It is easy for a careless reader to substitute the lore for the poem, the gossip for the work, and to feel that with the inside story safely tucked away for $2.75 he does not need to tire himself out with the stuff itself, the disciplined words on the poet's page. Since Irish poems arise from gossip and event and occasion, it is easy to dissolve them again in the original fluid and feel that a good time has been had by all. I should have thought (incidentally) that by now most people would have become sick to death of the indomitable Irishry, but many foreigners still have an appetite for the trivialities of Irish life which cannot be satisfied even by Brendan Behan, the canniest Gunther of them all. Mr. Kain, a scholar, would not have his book misused in this way.

The warning given, perhaps we can leave it at that. *Dublin in the Age of Yeats and Joyce* is not the last word, the final revelation; it starts a lively conversation, carries it to a certain point, and then reaches for Yeats's *Collected Poems*. Yeats is the center of the book — and rightly so.

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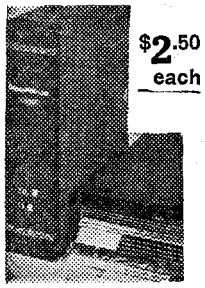

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LETTER from LONDON

George Steiner

EVEN BY English standards, this has been a drenched summer. At the height of a sodden August, the press carried a series of full-page advertisements. Graced with the photograph of a wing-collared Edwardian marquess, they brandished an enormous headline: ENGLAND NEEDS AN IDEA. Even if one rejected the fine print — the usual vapid claims for Moral Rearmament and the late Dr. Buchman — the premise was undeniable.

But no idea looms. Faced by the unprecedented fact that in the by-elections held since January fewer people have voted Conservative than have voted Liberal (not to mention Labour!), and informed by his pollsters that his popularity was the lowest of any Prime Minister's since the last months of Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Macmillan took to the ax. Not since 1903 have more than three ministers vanished at one blow in a peacetime reshuffle. This time, when the dust cleared, seven were gone. But only Madame Tussaud's seemed to feel the winds of change; there the curator scrambled wildly to shift or recast waxen heads. Nor has the new team had a happy start. The Home Secretary had barely found his blotter when Dr. Soblen landed and Sir Oswald Mosley began marching.

The flare of British fascism is, until now, a small nastiness; at each rally, the same thirty pasty-faced toughs seem to be involved. But there is a new rawness in the air. Arriving in Scotland to discuss the closure of obsolescent branch lines, the chairman of the nationalized railways was jeered and kicked by a moil of angry workers. Shopkeepers' bills are no longer invariably exact; people break out of hallowed queues to snatch taxis; race horses have been doped; the editors of the sacrosanct register of English birds have discovered fraudulent entries ("Hastings rarities"). Trivia — but of a piece with the more serious cracks in the complex fabric of manners that underlies the proud generosities of British law and politics.

And no wonder; this is a bewildering, nerve-fretting hour. The difficulty of the Common Market negotiations and the evidence of Western Europe's economic surge, have been a shock. England finds herself being treated in Brussels as a spinsterish, awkward, somewhat impoverished cousin by some of the very men who came to London as harried fugitives in 1940. If Europe has had its chance to leap to its feet, it is because England was nearly battered to her knees in the fight against Hitler. Yet now, in the strange rites of amity between de Gaulle and Adenauer (held, with subtle irony, in Rheims cathedral, the site of Joan of Arc's triumph), England finds herself a distrusted outsider.

But how solid is the Europe to which England is seeking access? What if those bullets aimed at de Gaulle had been three inches truer? The commitment to Europe is agonizing, not only because of the strain on the Commonwealth, but because it may mean entanglement in traditions of crisis which England has long kept from its shores. Seen from Washington or Milan, the issue seems drastic and obvious: England must enter Europe or diminish to provincialism of spirit and fortune. Seen from Dover, the alternatives are more complex and the advantages more uncertain.

MEANWHILE the island is shrinking. It's a bizarre but palpable impression. Too many cars creep along roads which have become absurdly inadequate. In many areas housing is short. Though new universities are being opened rapidly, in one of the most interesting ventures in the history of modern education, available places fall desperately short of the need. From the age of eleven on, the English child (and its harassed parents) runs a race over mounting hurdles down a narrowing track. Only the happy few reach the goal of state scholarships and university entry. The tutorial system at Oxford and Cambridge may well provide the finest education in the world, but it is a formidable luxury. To a nation of 50 million, these two universities offer less than 20,000 places. Wherever one goes there seem to be crowds — too many people, decent, intelligent, deserving, scrambling for the same chances. There's claustrophobia. Crossing over to France, I caught my breath at the wide sky and spacious *terroir*.

Several English plays render brilliant-

GEORGE STEINER has taught at Princeton University and is now at Cambridge. He is the author of The Death of Tragedy *and* Tolstoy or Dostoevsky (*Knopf*).

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ly the sense of stifling, of walls crowding near. Beckett's fables of paralysis and the zany gloom of Ionesco and Adamov, adapt easily to the peculiar dank of the British bed-sitter. A school of drama has sprung up around the rabbit-warren rooming house. Harold Pinter's two plays, *The Dumb Waiter* and *The Caretaker*, are nightmares of confinement. Doris Lessing's *Play with a Tiger* pivots on the brown solitude of a bed-sitter in Earl's Court. Audiences watched with amusement because the two lovers are transparent masks for the author and a young American novelist and journalist much in evidence on the rougher fringe of London life. Perhaps the sharpest of these "trap" plays is Ann Jellicoe's *The Knack*. It is a grimly comic quadrille on the theme of seduction, fretted loneliness and sexual hunger. Behind it lies the classic rooming-house reverie: a girl will knock at the wrong door and come into my room by error. The single room, with its shilling gas meter and damp wallpaper, has become a powerful symbol.

Of course, there is a reaction, a flight into remembered elegance. The stock of Georgian poetry is rising and the Edwardians are in vogue. Rupert Hart-Davis' sumptuous, purple-bound edition of Oscar Wilde's letters strikes a note of nostalgic reappraisal. It has been followed by a reissue of three novels by Oscar Wilde's "dear Sphinx," Ada Leverson. In these hothouse idylls, characters named Felicity, Chetwode and Valentia pursue discreet passions in a cadre of governesses and Dagonet 1880 (an amber-colored champagne prized by Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas):

> Except for Lady Everard's ceaseless flow of empty prattle the pauses would have been too obvious. . . . Aylmer talked more, and a little more loudly, than usual. Bruce, whom champagne quickly saddened, became vaguely reminiscent . . . while Vincy, who was a little shocked at what he saw (and he always saw everything), did his very best, just saving the entertainment from being a too disastrous frost. "Well! Good luck!" said Aylmer, lifting his glass with sham conviviality. "I start tomorrow morning by the Orient Express."
>
> "Hooray!" whispered Vincy primly.

There's a lost world in that prim whisper — half Cecil Beaton and half *kitsch*. Mr. Macmillan is dangerously at home in it; wearing an Edwardian stalking-cap, he has been grouse-shooting with Lord Home. The photographs are revealing: the Prime Minister gazes droop-lidded into the camera with the weary but cunning air of a man faced with a new invention.

THE Ford Madox Ford revival is tied to the same ache of memory, but has more solid ground. Justice to his work is overdue. With the exception of Conrad (his friend and occasional collaborator), Ford was the least insular of English novelists. His ideal lay in France, his later life in America. It is a curious irony that he should be coming into his British legacy of repute at the moment when England is knocking at the doors of Europe. Ford would have been among the first to use a Channel tunnel.

In his two-volume anthology of Ford, Graham Greene has made an odd choice. Inevitably (though it is available elsewhere), he reprints *The Good Soldier*. The whole of the second volume is given to *The Fifth Queen*, a trilogy of historical novels concerned with Thomas Cromwell, Katharine Howard and Henry VIII. This slow, tangled fiction exhibits some of Ford's virtues: his ability to make an atmosphere dense and sensuous, his unhurried, scrupulous prose, his sheer knowledge of pictorial and psychological

SIDNEY HOOK

The Paradoxes of Freedom

Sidney Hook, scholar, philosopher, and one of the most stimulating teachers of our time, has been goading Americans to think intelligently about themselves and their beliefs for more than three decades. In this book, based on three Jefferson Memorial Lectures given at the University of California in 1961, Professor Hook argues against the existence of absolute human rights unassailable in any circumstance. Against this belief that he believes to be growing dangerously among liberals afraid of a dictatorship of the majority, Professor Hook argues for the existence of *plural* human rights which potentially, and sometimes actually, conflict with each other. He denies that the language of Jefferson and the Constitution can be construed literally, or that it was intended to be so construed, in independence of common sense and historical presuppositions. Trenchantly and lucidly, he provides solid food for thought to anyone interested in the nature and preservation of freedom.

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circumstance. But the baroque fabric totters. No novelist has ever succeeded in blending a remote historical scene with the nuances and values of modern feeling. Imagine a Jamesian analysis set in a medieval turret. Matter and manner clash. At its best *The Fifth Queen* is a charade.

The Good Soldier, on the contrary, is a small masterpiece. It is one of the very few novels in the language (*Washington Square*, Conrad's *Shadow Line*, Allen Tate's *The Fathers*) to which one can apply the epithet "neo-classic." Like a French seventeenth-century tragedy, it contains and shapes an extremity of human conflict within a muted form. The conventions of oblique, nearly casual narrative serve to unfold a rich violence. The social *données* are dated, but Ford's close reading of lust and weakness has kept its sting.

There is much else worth retrieving from the more than seventy books — novels, poems, criticism, travel, biographies—which Ford published. The brief extracts Greene includes from Ford's memoirs suggest that his main gift was that of an observer, a kind of gentler Goncourt. No less than the drawing of Beerbohm, his reminiscences embody the spacious eccentricities of the Edwardian era.

A good deal of recent English fiction is in the Ford line — shapely and genteel. Evelyn Waugh bristles with scornful nostalgia. Issued in Penguin, Anthony Powell's series, "The Music of Time," is reaching a new, wide public. Good judges have held him to be the most accomplished novelist now writing in English. So far, I can make no headway in his undertoned, intricate social comedy. The precedent of Proust, which Powell does not disclaim, seems overshadowing. But I may well be wrong. The case of Iris Murdoch is more arresting. I read her with growing uneasiness, knowing that each successive novel, however bizarre, has behind it the pressure of formidable intelligence. But the essential flaw is becoming plain: the humane values reside entirely in the style, in the sheer fine writing. The situations and feelings rendered are a sophisticated version of Gothic melodrama. Surely human behavior is both more simple and more serious than Miss Murdoch makes out.

NONE of the novelists of genteel passion (and one would want to include the silences of Henry Green and the archaism of Ivy Compton-Burnett) seems to me as alive as Thomas Hinde and William Golding. Hinde's first novel, *Mr. Nicholas*, is an unforgettable study of family detestations; it has the acid pity of Montherlant. Since then he has groped and deepened to include in his reach the tiring of England at home and abroad. His newest book is set in Kenya and shows a deft awareness of the entire range of African crisis, social, economic and private. Golding is an extraordinary figure, an allegorist of the real, an heir to Hardy and John Cowper Powys. Each novel since *Lord of the Flies* has marked a fresh departure; *Free Fall* was obviously a failure. But it is precisely the risks taken that makes the achievement so notable. Rumor has it that a new novel, with the tall spire of Salisbury cathedral in a central, allegoric role, is ready.

Against the uncertain condition of fiction, and the cramped academicism of most recent verse, the English theatre stands out strongly. Nursed by the drama department of the BBC and a crop of young directors, Osborne, Pinter, Wesker, Shelagh Delaney, John Arden, N. F. Simpson and Robert Bolt have made the London stage the most exciting anywhere. Wesker is trying to work out an association between the new playwrights and the trade union movement. It is an idea based in part on the Théâtre National Populaire and the ambulant troupe of Henri Ghéon in France, and in part on the performances staged in factory canteens in England during the war. Wesker has grasped the radical dilemma: how are the working man and the new lower middle class, with their increased leisure and economic means, to be brought into contact with a national culture for which they have been trained neither in school nor at home. The choice is not Shakespeare or Johnny Haliday, but a bit of both.

English opera and music have kept pace with the renascence of drama. Here again, the BBC has been patron and vanguard. For anyone interested in modern music, Edinburgh and Covent Garden matter far more than does the Metropolitan.

AS we pass from non-summer into autumn fog, one trend is striking: the arts are immensely alive, whereas politics, the rethinking of social policy and the technological establishment seem to mark time or diminish. It is in the new Coventry cathedral, in Britten's tremendous war-requiem, in the sculpture of Moore and the plays of Osborne and Wesker that England looks vital — not in Whitehall or on the docks of the Clyde. England is starting to export opera singers at a time when she is finding it hard to sell airplanes or freighters. This may be a mark of civilization and it makes this island a kind place in which to live. But it may also be a sign of Byzantium.

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ART

Hilton Kramer

MARK TOBEY has long pursued his artistic career at some distance, spiritually and geographically, from New York; and New York has returned the compliment by remaining more or less unmoved by his copious production and his immense reputation abroad. The large retrospective exhibition of Tobey's work which William C. Seitz has now brought together at the Museum of Modern Art follows on similar events held during the past year at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris, where Tobey is regarded as one of the world's greatest living artists, and at the Whitechapel Gallery in London. Consisting of 135 items, the exhibition is obviously designed to win a higher place for

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Tobey's art than it has hitherto enjoyed on this side of the Atlantic, even among the exponents of postwar American abstraction. The monograph which Mr. Seitz, an associate curator at the museum, has produced for the occasion (*Mark Tobey*, distributed by Doubleday and Company; $5.50) rivals the most inflated and preposterous claims made for Tobey's art in the French press. We are asked to judge Tobey as an artist of large metaphysical scope, an innovator in the realm of plastic design and a prophet in the world of spiritual values. This is, indeed, to ask too much.

One has the impression that it would improve our cultural image abroad if we could somehow heap on Tobey's art praises even higher than European opinion has already lavished on it, and the press here now seems to have joined Mr. Seitz in the task. I do not see how this high opinion can be reconciled with a close look at the current exhibition. It shows Tobey to be a minor artist of marked preciosity and small vision, a dabbler in the sensations of spirituality who has nothing crucial to tell us about our visual experience. His art, which is fragile, private and radically deficient in expressive or intellectual range, will simply not support the aesthetic and philosophic burdens that have been assigned to it.

TOBEY is above all a graphic artist of limited sensibility. He is not really a painter. He works primarily in tempera and water color, which he uses for graphic effects. Color performs no plastic functions in his art, and where it is used at all, it is invariably subordinate to the graphic element. He works usually in very small formats, often the size of a page, which reduce the possibility of a strong physical impact on the spectator. On this scale everything depends on precise conception and strength of expression. Goya, in his graphic art, could be monumental in so small a space; Tobey is only trivial. He is, I think, a displaced illustrator. His taste is for a delicate linear imagery abstracted from illustrational material and transmuted into a finely worked decorative pattern. This taste circumscribes his vision and isolates it from any large expressive purpose. In his early work he relied on anecdote and observation; in his later work he dwells on religious and abstract formulations; but throughout, the method remains that of an illustrator who, lacking a gift for visual analysis, invokes a decorative graphic solution to every visual problem.

Tobey used formerly to illustrate his observations of city life. There are some fair examples of this genre in the current exhibition. He now illustrates religious ideas based on the Bahá'í faith. But whereas the earlier work can be measured against one's own experience, both of life and of other art which deals with similar materials, the later work can be judged only on the basis of its graphic invention and formal expressiveness. Since the Bahá'í religion apparently lacks an iconographic symbology, Tobey has been free to represent its spiritual values in any way he chooses. But this iconographic freedom, far from liberating his art, simply places it in the same position as every other modern secular style. He must perforce invent an autonomous formal language that will be meaningful in purely visual terms. As Tobey does not have a large capacity for formal invention, he has had to rely, like many of his contemporaries, on a single, limited image to carry the entire burden of his mature art. In the end his religious convictions tell us very little about the nature of that image, which is purely aesthetic in character; and it is embarrassing to read Mr. Seitz's labored argument to the contrary.

THE image that has dominated Tobey's mature style is based on his so-called "white writing" — the minuscule fretwork traceries of white calligraphy executed on dark grounds — which the artist adopted as his primary graphic means after travels to China and Japan in the thirties. I cannot see that this calligraphic manner has gained much from severing its ties with the subject matter — those swarming urban scenes — which gave it its first realization. But the completely non-figurative image into which Tobey developed his "white writing," the seemingly endless (and for me, utterly tedious) series of small abstractions, with their myriad and monotonous white strokes and their precious literary titles, is what has won him his great reputation. And these abstractions form the main focus of the current exhibition.

It is often claimed that these pictures cannot be understood without some grasp of the unique spatial conceptions which govern Chinese painting and which Tobey is said to have adapted to his own purposes. But the truth is that no consistent spatial principle, Eastern or Western, is to be seen in Tobey's painting. The creation of pictorial space has been a casualty of his decorative effects; it has been sacrificed to his incurable habit of regarding his taste for visual preciosity as a form of spiritual grandeur. The sacrifice of pictorial syntax to decorative effects is, of course, the illustrator's perennial failure, and Tobey has carried this failure into a realm — that of abstract art — where only a rigorous syntactical intelligence could have redeemed his vision.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THERE ARE now two productions of Bertolt Brecht's *Mann ist Mann* running concurrently in New York: one at the Living Theatre on West 14th Street under the title *Man Is Man*, the other at the Masque Theatre on West 42nd Street called *A Man's A Man*. Since the first of these productions is wretched, the reader should note that my comments refer to the second.

A Man's A Man was written between 1924 and 1926 and first produced in 1926 when Brecht was twenty-eight. These dates are important for they represent Brecht on his way to *The Threepenny Opera* produced two years later, and long before the emergence of his mature work in 1943. To put it another way, *A Man's A Man* reveals Brecht passing from the bitter anarchy and semi-expressionism of his first two plays to the acrid irony and distorted lyricism of the famous musical work, but still far from the lofty dispassion and semi-classicism of *Galileo* and *Mother Courage*.

Yet all of Brecht—though raw—is present in *A Man's A Man*. That is why Eric Bentley, who translated the play, was right in adapting it in the vein of Brecht's later manner. There are more songs in the present production than Brecht wrote: the others are Bentley's —and not bad. The satiric captions we read between scenes are also by Bentley and quite Brecht-like. Since Brecht himself was an inveterate adapter who altered his texts from production to production, Bentley in his adaptation is following the master's tradition.

There is in *A Man's A Man* a certain

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folk naïveté: Brecht always retained a strong peasant strain. The plot of *A Man's A Man* is extravagant—a sort of Teutonic tall tale. This is sharpened by a latter-day savagery in the George Grosz manner. The vocabulary veers toward obscenity as the delivery barely suppresses a jeering anger, a shrill mockery, when it does not mount to a roar of derision. This is the voice of the disillusioned German after the First World War—a voice typical of Left and Right outrage: the personal and social despair of the German people at that time was capable of turning in either direction.

The play is about brainwashing. It is above all anti-militaristic. Brecht broadens its message by toying with time and place. It is set in 1924 but Queen Victoria still reigns. It takes place in India but its pagodas and priests are Chinese. The soldiers are British but their bellow is of Berlin.

BENEATH the "propaganda," Brecht is saying something ambivalent. (There is far more ambiguity in Brecht than many who think of him as a Marxist suspect or will allow.) The key sentences in the play are these: first, the lines of the song which go "A man's a man is Mister Bertolt Brecht's contention. However that's something anyone might mention. Mister Brecht appends this item to the bill: You can do with a human being what you will"; second, the line "One man is no man."

This means that such a nice chap, the little (Irish?!) man Galy Gay, the play's central figure, under the pressure of certain circumstances can be turned into a killer. It also means that men are socially conditioned; that they have no permanent or inherent personal characteristics — that the individual alone amounts to very little. This is both an empirically justified and a terribly dangerous doctrine. If it weren't for the fact that we recognize Brecht's hatred of war and imperialism, the thesis might be accepted by a Fascist. But though Brecht was ideologically an anti-individualist, he was a very independent (as well as a highly gifted) individual; therefore his work always strikes a note of skepticism and betrays symptoms of inner laceration. One phase of his writing shows him as favoring collectivism on "scientific" grounds, or for the public good; another archly, almost surreptitiously, implies that nothing is certain about man: it is possible for him to remain a man come hell and high water because of an incorruptible and unpredictable essence which makes him a man—not a machine. This is the secret and saving grace of the Brechtian temperament.

NO production of *A Man's A Man* that is not German can be wholly adequate. The German audience of 1919 to 1929 created this play nearly as much as its author did. Its humor and bite, its references and its emotional bias, its color, smell and sound are unmistakably of its time and place. Among the actors of its first productions—it was revived several times before 1933—were such players as Peter Lorre and Alexander Granach, men of outstanding talent who were as emblematic of the period as the text itself.

Lacking these elements and the necessary resources for its complete theatrical realization, the production of *A Man's A Man* under John Hancock's direction is none the less intelligent and to the point. The use of the masklike make-ups is stylistically appropriate, the music by Joseph Raposo, though without the authority of Kurt Weill, Paul Dessau or Hanns Eisler, still retains the depressed sweetness and the nasal "drag" of what has been called the Brechtian minor: strongly reminiscent to a foreign ear of the songs Marlene Dietrich made famous in the days of her debut. The production's scenic scheme also functions.

John Heffernan, who is something of a clown, manages, curiously enough, to be more convincing in the dramatic scenes that describe the anguish of a man torn between the need to preserve his identity and the weight of the forces that compel him to forgo it, than he is in the comic scenes, which are, in fact, underwritten. Clifton James, Harvey Solin and Maurice Edwards also meet the production's requirements with professional aptitude.

Though not one of Brecht's wholly successful plays, *A Man's A Man* is immensely superior to our customary stage fare nowadays, so that one can confidently recommend it to people interested in the theatre as expression rather than as diversion.

AT THE beginning of the new (1962-63) season, when many plays prepared for production are so poor that their managements do not even venture to open them in New York, one must say that Ronald Millar's dramatization of C.P. Snow's novel *The Affair* (Henry Miller Theatre) is also worth seeing. But of this I shall speak further in the next issue.

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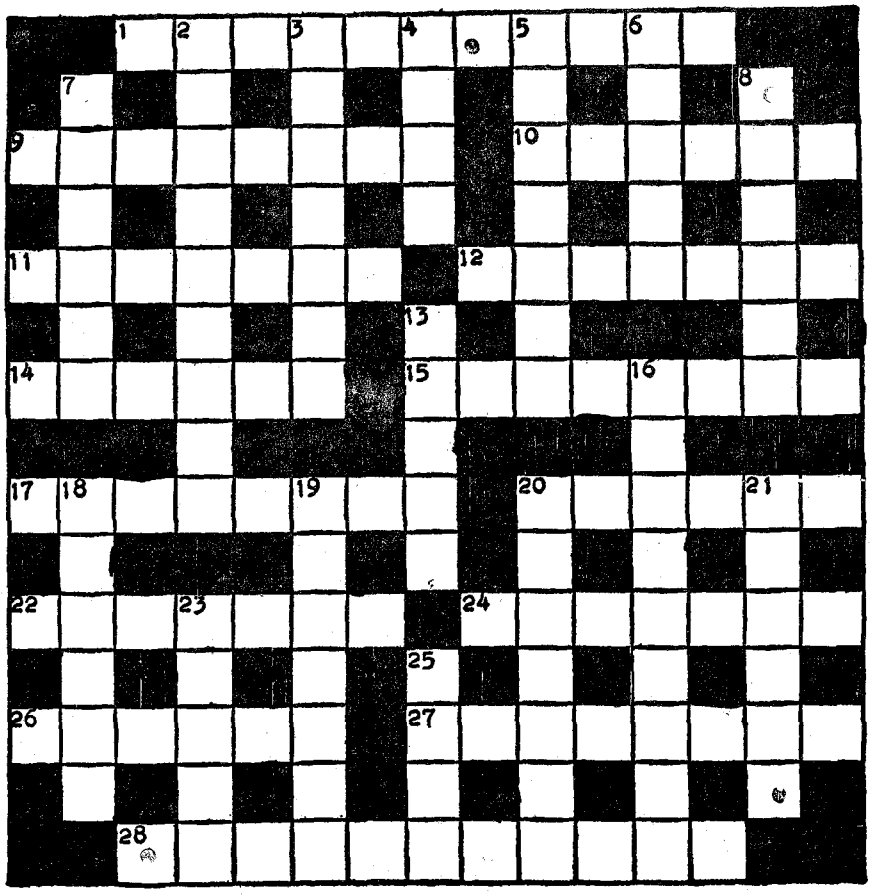
Crossword Puzzle No. 979

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What is his man doing in so strange a manner? Proofing once more? (11)
9 Noble vessel? His, if he takes title.
10 One, for example, is not so lively.
12 Fire guards might be over the wheel. (7)
14 A Rhine product that breaks through the wall? (6)
15 This sort of caste had an initial setback in court, perhaps. (4, 4)
17 One might find them not regularly on the sort of force which is concerned with order. (8)
20 Animal fodder? (One would think Tom might prefer a little nip from old China!) (6)
22 It might provide a way to run off with one's favorite bird. (7)
24 Pay this with small change, if 6 turns up with an associate. (7)
26 Florence's family provides most of the cure here. (6)
27 20 across has forever gone to take up Horace's work—there's a positive movement towards them. (8)
28 Peculiar dealings for those sometimes associated with darning needles. (6, 5)

DOWN:

2 Not where they produce what used to be called macaroni. (4, 5)
3 What do we call that family that tried to divide the first pair? (7)
4 Was this the tribe that started ungodliness? (4)
5 Doesn't help to be shrined in the rear of 13! (7)
6 He certainly gets around with 24's up-and-coming associate! (5)
7 Quiet jungle creature, and what he might do. (6)
8 Wheel of iron, by the sound of it.
13 and 11 across What a horse-dealer has to offer? (5, 2, 5)
16 Officer sent to apprehend such as Gomulka? (9)
18 Team in trade, according to this puzzle. (6)
19 Avoiding getting wet? (7)
20 Holler over the last arrangement, it's clear. (7)
21 Not a lively celebration in an obvious way to get up. (6)
23 One who might 20 down at first, in town. (5)
25 How to make a foot measure. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 978

ACROSS: 1 and 9 down None of your business; 10 Mail car; 11 Courage; 12 and 24 across The right approach; 13 Input; 15 Aaron; 17 On the beam; 19 Distrusts; 21 Space; 23 Earth; 27 Malaria; 28 Potluck; 29 Rust. DOWN: 1 and 30 across Name your poison; 2, 6 and 16 Neither here nor there; 3 Oscar; 4 Yardgoods; 5 Uncut; 7 Example; 8 Even temper; 14 Daydreamer; 18 Test paper; 20 Scrolls; 22 Accrues; 24 Alamo; 25 Outgo; 26 Skin.

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